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## BRIEF MENTION.

In spite of my recent counterblast against the discussion of translations I find myself obliged to recur to the subject, if it were only to note that the prince of Aristotelian scholars, INGRAM BYWATER, has yielded to the fashion set by other eminent Hellenists and has accompanied his great edition of Aristotle's *Art of Poetry* (Oxford, Clarendon Press) with what may be called an expository translation. A French man of letters, M. LOISEAU, has given us a new Tacitus based on the most improved texts (Paris, Garnier Frères), and then there is a second edition of PAUL CAUER's excellent treatise, *Die Kunst des Uebersetzens* (Berlin, Weidmann), the first edition of which received the compliment of an adaptation by Professor Tolman in his *Art of Translating* (A. J. P. XXII 105). There are many bulky volumes that the student and the teacher might more readily dispense with than CAUER's instructive and suggestive little books, his *Grammatica Militans* as well as the work under consideration, and his plaquette entitled *Beigaben zu Ilias u. Odyssee*. Of the *Grammatica Militans* I have often been tempted to write at some length. There is matter enough in it to provoke a discussion as long as that which I have dedicated to Stahl; and there is much in the *Kunst des Uebersetzens* to invite comment. But the translation that has held me longest this time is one that has been brought to the foreground by the recurrence in my cycle of studies to the philosophers, I mean Professor LEONARD's version of the *Fragments of Empedocles* (Chicago, The Open Court Publishing Company). Empedokles was a real poet, not a poet under compulsion as was Parmenides, whose verses, according to a dominant authority of our day, are the most crabbed and wooden ever perpetrated by a Greek. As a poet Empedokles has found a congenial interpreter in Professor LEONARD, who has certain high qualifications for the office, a soaring imagination and a rich poetic diction. Read apart from the original Professor LEONARD's translation produces a total effect very much like that of Empedokles himself. But the trouble is that in these *avia Pieridum loca* Professor LEONARD makes all manner of excursions, and one who compares the translation with the text of the fragments, line by line, will be surprised at the liberties he has taken. Of course, a certain amount of poetic padding is expected to fill out the verse. 'Aphrodite' is 'Aphrodite clear', which she has never been to me morning, noon or night; 'whence' is 'from what far coast', 'fate' is 'olden', 'song' is 'festal', 'Lions' are 'tawny' and 'earth' is 'black'. Feci ego istaec itidem in adulescentia. But Professor LEONARD's poetic fancy carries him still

farther and his expansions of the original have all the freedom of inspiration. In his Introduction he lays especial stress on the poetry of Empedokles and to prove his thesis some of the specimens are taken from his own verse-translation. Now I have recently commented on the danger of remembering one's own translation and forgetting the original, and while I would not lightly bring such a charge against Professor LEONARD, I am afraid that he is somewhat too much in love with his own renderings when he cites them as specimens of Empedokles' poetic power. 'Night the lonely with her sightless eyes' is a fine line, and moulds itself as closely as the two idioms allow upon *νυκτὸς ἑρημίας ἀλαώπιδος*, but that cannot be said of all the others and in the body of the translation he renders the two homely words *πτεροβάμοσι κύμβαις* by the resounding line 'waterfowls that skim the long blue sea'. To be sure, we do not know what *κύμβαι* means, but we must translate by some definite word. 'Didappers' will do as well as any other fowl and *πτεροβάμοσι* might be translated 'wingwalkers' after the analogy of 'who walketh upon the wings of the wind'. The 'long blue sea' is simply long blue ink. Still this expansion is nothing to what we find elsewhere, as when *περιρρηγμῖνι βίοιο* becomes 'the surf-swept beaches and drear shores of life'. Such free translations remind me of a farce of Kotzebue's I read sixty years ago, Don Ranudo de Colibrados, in which use is made of the machinery one finds in Aristophanes' *Acharnians* and Mrs. Centlivre's *Bold Stroke for a Wife*. 'Alola' in the language of the Ethiopian *Pseudartabas* means 'Ich wünsche Seiner Hoheit so viele Menschenalter als der Nil Tropfen und die africanischen Wälder Blätter zählen.' Whereupon the gracioso Pedrillo remarks, 'Das ist eine herrliche Sprache für die kurzen Wintertage.'

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Apart from this general criticism no end of verbal carping is possible. With all the other translations to go by, it would seem that there would be little chance of actual blunders, and yet Professor LEONARD in his Introduction speaks of the poet's sympathy with 'men and women, the pitied and bewailed', *ἀνδρῶν τε πολυκλαύτων τε γυναικῶν*, and though he has the powerful support of Diels, I do not see how *πολυκλαύτων* can be made to apply to 'men'. The old rendering 'lacrimosarum', 'given to weeping', seems far preferable and then we should have what I have called the 'complementary color' thrown up with *ἀνδρῶν*. The commentators on Horace are fond of calling attention to Horatian 'parsimony', a parsimony sadly disregarded in Lord Lytton's translation, as I pointed out many years ago. It is the phenomenon of which Professor Kellogg has made so much in a recent article on Cross-Suggestion in Tacitus (A. J. P. XXX 310). 'Men must work and women must weep' lies near enough for a modern, but an ancient might think of *κῦδεϊ γαίῳ* for the man. Only our poet is

sombre. Again, Empedokles is set down as one of the forerunners of Gorgias and we can well believe it, for his poetry, though true poetry, has a rhetorical cast and his language has a synonymical exactness, as when in fr. 9 he makes a sharp distinction between *θέμις* and *νόμος*, 'Law' and 'Convention', pyrrhic against pyrrhic (A. J. P. XXIX 376). This being the case, the interpreter should be careful not to sacrifice point to metre and *δοιὴ δὲ θνητῶν γένεσις*, *δοιὴ δ' ἀπόλειψις* ought not to be rendered 'Twofold the birth, twofold the death of things'; for here by *γένεσις* Empedokles means *γένεσις*, not *φύσις*, by *ἀπόλειψις* he means *ἀπόλειψις* and not *θάνατος*, as he says distinctly (fr. 8): *φύσις οὐδενός ἐστιν ἀπάντων | θνητῶν οὐδέ τις οὐλομένου θανάτοιο τελευτή*. To be sure, the use of *θνητῶν* involves a contradiction, but what of that? Of course, no English or American translator of Empedokles could fail to notice Matthew Arnold's 'Empedocles on Aetna', and I have in my copy-drawer a paper by a young girl who died before her studies bore full fruit, in which she was at the pains of following up Matthew Arnold's use of the fragments of Empedokles—a rather idle task, according to Professor LEONARD, whose judgment of Arnold as an interpreter of the mind of Empedokles, if one may be allowed to read between the lines, suggests Lepelletier's happy characteristic of Verlaine's enthusiasm for Spanish: 'Son goût fort pour la langue espagnole', says Lepelletier, 'demeura platonique'. It was love without penetration.

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Reading over these fragments of Empedokles my grammarian soul longs for a complete statistic of Homer's use of the neuter plural with the verb plural, for it seems to me that Empedokles in conformity with his own doctrine emphasizes the severalty of the plural. Then it is noteworthy that epic poet as he is, he cannot quite shut the door on the plebeian articular infinitive (A. J. P. XXIII 137), though he does not go to the same extent as does Parmenides, and as one looks down on yellow Akragas, one listens with pleasure to the local note of the short syllable in the accusative of the first declension even though it brings back the memorial verse: *ἀ πενία Διόφαντε μόνα τὰς τέχνας ἐγείρει* and the choliambi of Persius.

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Modern poets, says Goethe, put a great deal of water in their ink; and complaints of ink, ink literal and ink metaphorical, will never cease. Aniline has become the curse of the writing world. One sighs for the fine old days of nutgalls and a certain astringency comes into the critic's pen as he turns to the metaphorical ink in which so much is written. Doubtless there was abundance of wishy-washy writing in antiquity, and Heaven knows enough dull writing has come down to us from Graeco-Roman times. There were realists then as there are realists now; and we do not

despise antique still life, we do not despise rhopography. True, the lover of literary art finds a delight in comparing and contrasting the different ways in which the antique masters of composition discharge what seems to be a common office, as, for instance, the difference between the narratives of such consummate story-tellers as Herodotos, Lysias and Plato. Historian, orator and philosopher have different aims and different processes, aims and processes that reveal themselves to the analyst of style, whose decimal figures are not less interesting because of the unconsciousness of the artists themselves. But there are those who for a vision of actual life would give up all this ado about art: and the passion for actuality which has found striking expression in Wilamowitz's *Lesebuch* exhibits itself in the interest every one takes in the documents that have been unearthed in Egypt. It is perhaps not going too far to say that the domestic correspondence in queer Greek one finds in the mass of papyri touches many readers more nearly than the elegances of Bakchylides and the new chords that have been struck by Pindar. Last summer I was reading a German novel, a popular 'Gegenwartsroman', and when in sheer fatigue I closed the volume, I began to think how we should prize such a collection of trivialities, if it were only in Greek or Latin. The scene is laid in the Berlin of to-day, the Berlin which has become a *Weltstadt* since the far-off days when my boyish eyes first beheld the glories of the Prussian capital. I have seen Berlin several times since, and the old Prussian capital abides for me the most interesting part of the *Weltstadt*. But the localities of the novel were not unfamiliar. I know the comfort of the Hotel Bristol and the dreariness of Maassenstrasse, but what has led to this train of musing is the minuteness with which the every day processes of city life are described, the lighting of a cigar, the lifting of a window shade, the settling with the 'Zahlkellner', the calling of a *droschke*. It is literary rhopography in its most tedious form and the 'Gegenwartsroman' becomes a portentous bore. It has, to be sure, its important lesson for those who have witnessed the transformation of the poor and charming Germany of fifty years ago into the powerful and wealthy Germany of to-day, the Germany of the *Geldprotz*, name and thing unknown to the middle of the last century. The prevalent impression of such a book is that of the type for which the Greeks had so little tolerance, the type of the *νεόπλουτος*, the *nouveau riche*. Still what would we not give for a Greek 'Gegenwartsroman' which would solve so many of the problems that we encounter in reading of Greek life? There, for instance, is the matter of clothes. I have read lately that a popular French novelist, Marcel Prévost, if I am not mistaken, shows such familiarity with the details of women's clothes and such taste in the assemblage of them that his help has been sought by the leading houses in Paris. He is a manner of literary Worth, a literary Paquin. But nothing could transcend one woman in that woman's sphere as I found when

I turned from my German novel to MATILDE SERAO's *Evviva la vita* and encountered a clothes-horse, or rather a regiment of *mannequins d'osier*. The eminent Italian redresses every character every time it is brought forward. What a help an antique MATILDE SERAO might have been to the woman-scholar KATHARINE SAUNDERS of Vassar College, who has put together what is to be known of *Costume in Roman Comedy* (New York, The Columbia University Press). The study of costume after all is not simply rhopography, as the author of *Mikrokosmos* shewed long ago, and as the evolutionists have not failed to demonstrate, but the long preface to this *Brief Mention* must suffice for the present.

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Stahl has divided the Greek Perfect into the Intensive Perfect and the Extensive Perfect (A. J. P. XXIX 395), the Intensive Perfect recognized in my Syntax (§ 229), the Extensive Perfect, the Perfect that, according to my phrase, looks at both ends of an action, the time between the two being considered as a present. They are both of them in a sense present-perfect. Is there a great gulf fixed between the two, between the perfect hubbub, the perfect quiver and quaver, the perfect vision, the perfect flutter and the perfect that deals with the completion of an action, the maintenance of a result, the perfect that we represent and the Greeks may represent by a periphrasis? The two-point perfect, so to speak, seems to be fairly deducible from the old reduplication, the intensive being the earlier, the extensive the later. At least, this is my way or has been my way of putting a matter which has engaged the attention of Professor MELTZER in a recent number of the I. G. F. XXV 338 fgg. The intensive perfect he establishes triumphantly: the perfect that involves a previous action he considers a later development. The 'subject perfect', he surmises, became 'the object perfect', 'I am a mother' became 'I have borne'. The unity of condition, to put it in my own way, suggested the diversity of times and so the category spread until it became wellnigh universal; and so one who works at syntax stylistically, i. e., from the basis of the spoken language, represented at least after a fashion by the orators, might transfer the feeling of the two-point perfect of later Greek to the line perfect of the earliest time, the perfect which is really a present. The question is a subtle one and MELTZER simply proposes his view as a possible solution.

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Herr SCHLACHTER has continued his investigations into the usage of Tenses and Moods in Greek authors, of which some account was given in the Journal XXIX 243 foll. and XXX 105 foll. The latest instalment deals with Thukydides I. G. F. XXIV 3 u. 4. The copy that lies before me I owe to the courtesy of the author,

who has been good enough to make some important corrections. So p. 200, l. 15, for 'Praesensseite' read 'Aoristseite'; l. 19, for 'Herodot' read 'Thukydides' and l. 21, the proportions of subj. pres. to subj. aorist are three-fourths wrong. The occurrence of such errors of the press is fatal to the peace of mind of those who deal with figures and I am sadly reminded of similar slips on the part of scholars whom I had trusted too implicitly (A. J. P. VIII 330). In any case I cannot undertake to give a synopsis of SCHLACHTER's new paper on the same scale as before; and must limit myself to a few points partly of general, partly of personal interest. SCHLACHTER attaches much importance to the affinity of a verb for the present or aorist stem, as the case may be, an affinity which makes itself felt, I may add, in the phenomena of Suppletivwesen discussed by Osthoff in his work on the subject (A. J. P. XXI 474). This affinity seems to SCHLACHTER to have had much more influence on Thukydides than on Homer and Herodotos. A siege to be a siege at all must be a tiresome thing; hence the enormous preponderance of the durative tenses of *πολιορκῶ* or to use my own illustrations, S. C. G. § 302: We should not expect to find *ἀπολλύοιτο* <pure opt.>, and *χαρείη* (Il. 6, 481) is scarce. The general tendency is towards the cursive <durative> forms so that Herodotos, Thukydides and Xenophon constitute a series (A. J. P. XXIX 344). The aor. ind. is more frequently expressed by the participle than are the pres. and imperf. indic. by the durative participle, which SCHLACHTER attributes to the fact that the aor. participle represents more and more the sphere of time rather than the original kind of time <a transfer, one might say, of subordination in action to priority in time>. Especially interesting for Thukydides is SCHLACHTER's conclusion that the remarkable difference he has established in modal structure between the first three books and the last five books points to different periods of composition for the two groups. In the course of his discussion SCHLACHTER takes up the so-called 'perfective' influence of certain prepositions on the character of the verb. The phenomenon is supposed to be of wide reach and has been maintained for Latin and Sanskrit as well as for Greek. *σύν*, *διά*, *κατά*, *ἀπό* only serve to sharpen the time to a point. Stahl accepts this view (A. J. P. XXIX 389) and I find it given as an established fact in less pretentious works than Stahl's. This is no place to discuss the doctrine. Meantime let us pray for greater sensitiveness. We all know that in later times *πρός* was used as a buffer to keep off the dreaded hiatus, but that does not do away with the life of *πρός*. One point of personal interest I may be excused for mentioning. The syntax of my Latin Grammar was based on my Greek Syntax, of which only a small part has seen the light, and my Latin Syntax has all the drawbacks of its Hellenic origin. Now it has happened more than once that since I have come forward more and more as a writer on Greek Syntax, phrases and formulae that I used of phenomena common to both lan-

guages have been discussed as if they were novelties, whereas they have been reposing for some forty years in my Latin Grammar. In my L. G. of 1872 one reads 'with definite numbers, however large, the Historical Perfect must be used, unless there is a notion of continuance into another stage', to which is added in my Greek Syntax 'a notion of interruption'. And it is this rule of the definite number that SCHLACHTER credits me with being the first to formulate. Whether this is so or not, the two exceptions that he cites, Thuc. VI 7, 2: *μίαν ἡμέραν ἐπολιόρουν* and Hdt. V 72: *ἐπολιόρκεον ἡμέρας δύο* are brilliant illustrations of the correctness of the interruption rule; the first example being followed by *ἐκδιδράσκουσι* (hist. pres.) and the second by *ἐξέρχονται* (hist. pres.), whereas SCHLACHTER attributes the exception to the durative character of *πολιορκῶ* itself emphasized above.

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By a sad irony of fate I was greeted on my return to my editorial work by two publications, which lay side by side on my table, the tribute of the pupils and admirers of KONSTANTINOS KONTOS on the occasion of the fortieth anniversary of his professorate and the mourning number of the *Ἀθηνᾶ*, which records the loss on the 16th of July last (O. S.) of the founder of that periodical, which proudly claims the rank of one of the leading journals of Europe, the loss—to use the words of his eulogist—*τοῦ σοφωτάτου καὶ χρηστοτάτου τῶν καθ' ἡμᾶς Ἑλλήνων, τοῦ μεγίστου τῶν μετὰ τὸν Ἀριστοτέλη κλείσαντων τὰ Ἑλληνικὰ γράμματα ἀνδρῶν*. It is after all a becoming exit—this answer to the call that greeted the ears of Diogenes. It was said of one of old 'fortis vir in sua republica cognitus'. What higher praise for a scholar, if that republic is the republic of letters? And the name of KONTOS was known wherever Greek was known and loved. Much of his work lay in glossology into which comparatively few have followed him, but of those few Hatzidakis alone would suffice to make the career of a teacher worth while.

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ADDENDA ET CORRIGENDA.—P. 107, l. 30, The Snarley-yow critic is the Saturday Review, Nov. 24, 1906; p. 108, l. 13, for XXVIII read XXVII; p. 355, l. 11, for 'Athos' read 'Ethos'; cf. Burnet's Plato, Parmen. 132 D, where for *αὐκ* read *οὐκ* and A. J. P. V 400, l. 19; p. 358, l. 17, read 'allucinazione'. Long Italian words are a snare to compositor and proofreader alike. Think of such a monster as 'particolareggiatamente,' for which the author actually apologizes. *Rivista di Filologia*, Apr., 1909, p. 233; p. 359, l. 10, for XXXII read XXIII; comp. A. J. P. XXV 483 footn.